

# The Gothic Archies, Dreary, Dreary

(Dreary, dreary  
Dreary, dreary)

Gone, gone, the girl in brocade  
Gone, the words we might have said  
Howl winds, because she is dead  
And gone, gone, gone

Were teary, teary eyes once bright?  
Weary, sighs the tune  
Dreary, dreary fall the night  
And eerie light of the moon

(Dreary, dreary  
Dreary, dreary)

Gone, gone, my Beatrice  
Gone, the lips I longed to kiss  
Into a black and bleak abyss  
Gone, gone, gone

(Gone are the summers of croquet and cribbage)  
Were teary, teary eyes once bright?  
(Gone, gone,)  
Weary, sighs the tune  
(are the winters of)  
Dreary, dreary fall the night  
(snow,)  
And eerie light of the moon  
(sighs and secrets.)

Were teary, teary eyes once bright?  
(Gone too,)  
Weary, sighs the tune  
(silver springs, golden)  
Dreary, dreary fall the night  
(falls.)  
And eerie light of the moon...